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Wholesale Jewellers, Clock and Watch Manufacturers, and Importers.

New Premises Corner of High Street, and Thomas Street,
Shudehill, Manchester.

Dining and Drawing Room Clocks and Bronzes, &c.; Electro-plated Tea and Coffee Services, Cruets, Forks, Spoons, &c.; Gold and Silver Watches, 9, 15, and 18-carat Hall-marked Alberts; and a General Stock to suit the requirements of the Trade.

JAPANESE CURTAINS.

L. SMITH & CO. have just Purchased a Large Lot of these Articles at very Low Prices, and are now Offering them at 2/3, 3/3, 4/3, 6/3, 7/3, 8/3, 2/4, 14/4, & 30/- per pair.—6, JOHN DALTON STREET, MANCHESTER.

THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. IV.—No. 205.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, 17 OCTOBER, 1879.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

AN ABRIDGEMENT OF "GREGSON'S FRAGMENTS OF LANCASHIRE."

1.

IN reproducing, through the medium of the *City Jackdaw*, an epitome of those historical and topographical facts and researches, which have been gathered by Matthew Gregson and others, in connection with the county of Lancaster, we are simply actuated by a desire to place the more interesting portions thereof before those readers to whom Gregson and Baines are sealed books, not on account of their difficulty of access, as they are to be found in our free libraries, but on account of the voluminous and bibliographical nature of their contents, and the erudition displayed in their compilation, and required in perusing their pages. With the more abstruse portions, therefore, we do not propose to deal, as such of our readers who wish for a closer acquaintance with those portions will readily find them at our valuable reference libraries; we therefore propose to simply tell a "round unvarnished tale" to the more unlettered portion of our readers, who wish to become more familiar with facts and fragments of Lancashire history.

The pages of Gregson teem with interest to every Lancashire man, no matter in what part of the country he may be a dweller; and in taking up the "Fragments of Lancashire," we find ourselves carried back to ages so remote as to almost entirely preclude the possibility of obtaining anything like a connected narrative. The opening portion of the work is devoted to "A brief account of the Earls, Nobles, and Dukes who have been in possession of the Honor of Lancaster, with their Arms, and those of the wives of that House." Of this brief account we will lay before our readers an abstract.

Lancaster, about B.C. 500, was inhabited by a colony of the *Celta*; and it afterwards assumed the name of *Setantū*, that is, the country of the waters. About the commencement of the Christian era, it became part of, and was called, *Western Brigantes*, which extended to the eastward over Yorkshire and Durham. About A.D. 79, the district was invaded by the celebrated Roman General, Julius Agricola, during his second campaign, when it finally became part of the Roman province of *Maxima Caesariensis*, which comprehended also Northumberland, Durham, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Yorkshire. When the Romans arrived they found the whole sea-coast of Lancashire inhabited by a Welsh tribe, and Lancaster was then called *Caer Werid*, or the green city. In the time of Alured, it was called by the Saxons *Lenricastle*; some writers have maintained it to be the *Mediolanum* of Ptolemy, but this is very strongly doubted and denied; but most authors agree as to its being the *Longoricum* of the Romans, and that the name of *Lancaster* is derived from the river *Lon* (the *Lune*), and *castra*, a castle.

Lancashire is more than six times as large as Middlesex, and stands pre-eminent as the seat of manufactures. Whilst the whole kingdom averages a population of 152 persons to the square mile, Lancashire contains an average of 327 in the same space, or two persons to every acre of land in the county. It does not produce more than one-tenth part of the corn which is consumed by its own population.

Lancaster does not possess any authenticated armorial bearings of its own, those generally used for the city are the arms of Preston, omitting the letters P. P. at the base, viz.:—*gules, a lion passant guardant, or, on a chief, azure, a fleur de lis of the second.*

King William the First, soon after the Norman conquest, bestowed the Honor of Lancaster upon Roger de Poicton, who was of a noble Norman family, and a relative of the Conqueror. Roger de Poicton was the son of Roger de Montgomery, Viscount de Heismes, who was made by the Conqueror Earl of Arundel and Shrewsbury. From the great-grandfather

of Roger de Poicton, William, Earl of Montgomery, the family of Montgomery, Earls of Eglington, are descended. Roger de Poicton led the centre of William's army at the battle fought at Battle Abbey, as his grandfather had done at Hastings. King William gave Roger de Poicton all the lands between the Mersey and the Ribble, which comprised the hundreds of West Derby, Salford, Leyland, and Blackburn. The county of Lancaster held, *jura regalia*, or palatine jurisdiction before the Domesday survey; that jurisdiction was forfeited A.D. 1080, before the completion of the survey, but was restored again ten years afterwards by William Rufus, and again forfeited by Roger de Poicton at the Battle of Tewkesbury, at the beginning of the reign of Henry the First.

Roger de Poicton held also all the lands of Amounderness, as well as other grants of land, for he must have possessed the lands about Lancaster, as it was he who founded the Church of St. Mary at Lancaster, and granted it to the Abbey of Seize in Normandy. The strong and massive towers of Lancaster Castle are also evidently the work of that period, and the Church and Castle are probably coeval, with the exception of the grand gateway tower entrance, which is about the time of Edward the Third. When Domesday Book was taken, Roger de Poicton was building or altering the castle, as the grand baronial residence of the Honor of Lancaster.

Soon after Roger de Poicton was first settled in The Honor, he provided, with the consent and approval of the Crown, for some of his own personal followers. To William de Molines he gave the manors of Shepton, Thornton, and Kerdon, in the county of Lancaster, these possessions being still in the hands of the same family, which is now represented by the Molyneuxs, Earls of Sefton. Many other families were also provided for in the county of Lancaster by Roger de Poicton, as the Gerrards, the Hallsalls, the Villars, the Irelands, the Blundells, &c. Many of these names are yet to be found amongst the landed gentry of Lancashire.

The armorial bearings of Roger de Poicton were—*ermine, three chevrons, gules*. After the battle of Tewkesbury, in which Roger de Poicton espoused the cause of the unfortunate Robert, Duke of Normandy, eldest son of the Conqueror, against his brother, Henry the First, all his Honors were escheated by that monarch as a forfeit to the Crown, and the King bestowed the Honor of Lancaster upon his nephew, Stephen, Count of Blois, who afterwards succeeded Henry to the throne. On the accession of King Stephen to the throne, he made his son, William de Blois, Earl of Montaigne and Bologne, Lord of the Honor of Lancaster. This William de Blois gave to Walter de Waleton the manor of Waleton, in the hundred of Blackburn, near Hoghton Tower. William de Blois died in 1160. The escutcheon of Stephen was—*gules, a sagittarius, or*; and that of William de Blois—*gules, three pallets vairè, on a chief, or, an eagle displayed, gules*.

The precise time when the Earls of Chester obtained their first footing in Lancashire is not known, but the reign of Stephen was a very weak and turbulent one, and it was during that troublesome reign that Randle or Randolph, called Randle Gernouns, became not only Lord of the Honor of Lancaster, but possessed himself of about one third of England also, having in one of his exploits even made a prisoner of King Stephen himself. Randle Gernouns was a great man at arms, and was perhaps the most powerful noble of his time. He was the nephew of Edwin, Earl of Mercia, and had married the daughter of the powerful Earl of Gloucester. He was the second Earl of Chester, and held that earldom for twenty-five years. Randle founded a priory at Trentham, and also several other religious houses. He was poisoned by William Peverill, A.D. 1153. King Stephen gave Randle Gernouns, in 1152, all the lands of Roger de Poicton from Northampton to Scotland, except such lands as belonged to Roger de Montbegon in Lincolnshire, and also all lands between the Ribble

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(Manufactured, Levenshulme.) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d each—7 for 6d.—and is. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.

and Mersey. The arms of Randle Gernouns were—*gules, a lion rampant with tail erect, argent.*

Hugh Cyveloeke, third Earl of Chester, was the next who held the Honor of Lancaster. The arms he bore were—*azure, six garbs or, in 3, 2, and 1.* He, dying in 1181, left a son, who was not of sufficient age, so King Richard Cœur de Lion gave the Honor of Lancaster to his brother John, amongst many other titles and emoluments. One of the titles bestowed upon this fickle prince by his brother Richard, was that of King of Ireland, and on his way to visit that kingdom, A.D., 1186, John sojourned for some time in Liverpool, and built the castle there. During his residence in Liverpool, John evinced great partiality to some of the resident gentry, and on his accession to the throne in 1199, he granted to Liverpool a charter, and also the seal which is yet used by the Corporation.

(To be continued.)

HOW A TORY FOUND OUT HIS MISTAKE.

[BY E. B.]

THE journalistic sea-serpent had expired, and no frog showers had given scope for any voracious, not to say voracious pen, after the closing of St. Stephen's Windmill, I was at a loss for a subject to make up my proper number of lines in the *Weekly Budget and Chronicle of Integrity*. Sir Stafford Southcoat had shut up shop, and lent the contents of the till to his big brother Ben for his vacation,—not forgetting to pocket the sixpence, which could not be accounted for in the estimates. The Home Secretary having dismissed a Kenealy's Rights deputation, said very Crossley, that he would go to Hawarden and have a pipe with the gatekeeper. Mr. Salisbury had taken brother Smith down one of the Welsh coal mines to have a chat with Richmond about the agricultural distress, the rest of the workmen belonging to St. Stephen's Windmill had departed for their several spheres of melancholy reflection. True, the British Association were about to assemble in order to discuss various urgent and private affairs—as the Duke would have it—but that not being in my line, I was delighted to have an opportunity of studying demomature. Whilst thinking of the infernal regions, upon my intended journey, and calculating upon several improvements to the Boyton suit, as fire-proof clothing, I fell into a trance. Now strange visions opened themselves out before me, and methought I was in the midst of vastness. As I looked, behold, there came one unto me, and said, in what would have been liquid accents, but for his ill-concealed desire for a sup, "What wouldst thou?" I said, "I am a special correspondent for the *Weekly Budget and Chronicle of Integrity*; my mission is to tell of the departed glories of the d—." "Hush!" said my inquisitor, "here he is." And so he was; there he stood in all his majestic cheekiness. So the servitor introduced me to his Royal Lowness, and of course I apologised for trespassing on his sulphurous territory. "No apology, I beg," said he, "I am delighted to see any friend of the *Integrity Budget*, as we're pretty well acquainted with each other, the editor gives me many a lift on my travels, and often at these times, I supply him with items of news in return."

His Royal Fieryness then offered to act as guide round the infernal regions, remarking *en passant* that trade was dull now the Windmill had stopped. Thanking him for his warm civility, I gladly availed myself of his kindness and prepared to follow him. I may here place on record my opinion of the personal appearance of my guide. He had the look of one well-to-do in the world, and of a pleasing countenance, which rather surprised me, but my wonder gave place to a shudder of horror, when I afterwards learned that his brightness was owing to the successful season he had just experienced. His height—well, I can hardly give a description of that, as it was various. In fact, my attempt at a description of his personal appearance I must class among my failures, as he was constantly changing. Now, he would fairly dance with delight; anon, he would heave a deep sigh, as though the memory of some desperate struggle were passing through his mind. But why anticipate? The affable and pleasing manner of his Royal Brimstoneness gave me many good chances of obtaining that knowledge which, otherwise, I could not have had. Indeed, his conversation was as free and unreserved as the most expectant correspondent could wish. Having walked a few miles across the vast plain which I first beheld in my vision, my companion uttered a word of command to the attendant who had accompanied us, when suddenly there opened up before us a mighty staircase of granite, fringed with burning lava, down which we proceeded. Turning to the right as we reached the bottom of the staircase, I observed a large apartment, and at

the door stood a being of remarkable slimness and celerity of action. Directly this sentry's eye fell upon me, out came what seemed a huge account book with an alphabetical index, and well-thumbed leaves. There he stood, expectant, with his hand on the book, and his piercing eyes turned towards his master. A few words from my guide, and the book disappeared as if by magic. On asking for an explanation of this rather singular proceeding, I was informed that this man was the door-keeper, and all candidates for the regions beyond this entrance had their names placed in the book which I had noticed, and their several places assigned. Then said I, do you ever refuse anyone who makes application for admittance here? A most emphatic *never* was my only answer, spoken with, methought, a spice of glee. After this little digression his Lieship (I called him Your Majesty then) took me into the several different wards into which patients were placed according to their various necessities. Ward No. 1 was used for the cure of such as— I had got thus far in my notes when a messenger took his satanic serenity on one side. Of course, my mission was to obtain all the news I could, so I shall be forgiven by my stronger-minded brethren if I tell them that under the peculiar circumstances I listened to a private conversation. "Who has called," whispered Beelzebub. I was most anxious to catch the name, but failed in my attempt, as I only caught the sound of—feld—healed, or—feld. Immediately my serpentine cicerone begged me to excuse him, as a very particular and attentive friend had called. "Oh, don't mention it," I cried, I at the same time resolved to follow him. But how? My resolution way frustrated by the attendant imp handing me into a waiting-room. So my curiosity has not to be satisfied, thanks your special. However, fallen angels don't know everything, and I found to my great joy that the chief brought his visitor under the window of the very waiting-room in which I was placed. I looked through the crack at the bottom of the window, and beheld—Oh, horror! six million horrors!! eighty million horrors!!! There stood one whom I had thought, in my political days, to have been a demi-god, but, alas, find that he is a demi-d—. I listened. Oh, how I listened. I dared not make notes for fear of losing ought; but their conversation was something like the following:—

CHIEF D—: What now, my noble prince?

DEMI D—: I want more honours, my excellent chief.

CHIEF D—: Hast thou persuaded any more to become my subjects?

DEMI D—: Yes, truly have I.

CHIEF D—: What kindred has thou sent, and by what means?

DEMI D—: Black, brown, white; by slaughter, slaughter, slaughter.

CHIEF D—: Few whites have I observed—send me them, and thou shalt have honour upon honour.

DEMI D—: My sympathetic chief, it is not my fault that thou hast not received the white man. Many left us—aye, by hundreds, through a skilful manœuvre on my part. Do I not deserve reward for this?

CHIEF D—: I have received but few. Send more.

DEMI D—: My friends are turning from me because of the never-ceasing slaughter.

CHIEF D—: Am I not thy friend? Go, do the work well, and verily thou shalt have thy reward.

So the visitor departed, and my journey round the wards was continued. I took notes of the system of punishment given for the smallest to the greatest offence, but my nerves were unstrung, I had been grossly deceived, and in making an attempt to follow my deceiver into the world to straighten accounts, I awoke.

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

In a Portsmouth Churchyard:—

Here lies my wife, "Hotspur,"
Glad am I the grave has got her;
Not one good act in all her life
Did she perform as ought a wife;
And when the bell tolled for me to bring her,
I gave her up without a murmur;
And this I say, without a sigh,
"She is better off and so am I."

In Winchester Cathedral Yard, adjoining St. Maurice Church, 1718:—

Here lyeth Philip Newbolt,
The last of eleven,
And with the rest,
I hope he's gone to heaven.

COUPON DINNERS.

FOUR COURSES, 1s., at the ALBERT RESTAURANT, ALBERT BRIDGE. Dinners à la Carte throughout the day. Soup, 4d.; Entrées or Joints, 6d. and 10d.; Chop or Steak, 10d.; Teas, 5d. J. CAVARGNA, General Caterer.

SKETCHES BY JINGO.

XIV.—HOW WE SHOT OLD BARKER.

OLD BARKER was the terror of the boys of our village, for he persecuted us in such a manner as to prove how vicious an old man can be when he has the destruction of the mischievous proclivities of the rising generation at heart. Now there can be no possible harm in fastening a huge stone to a door (as we often did to old Barker's); or of tripping a person up and knocking him down, as we sometimes did our tormenter, who formed the bane of our innocent young lives; but when he began to retaliate upon us, we felt aggrieved, and strove to overreach him in all he attempted for our general discomfort. One of our number was young Billy Bangle, who, by some evil miscarriage of justice was often the one who was visited with the full force of old Barker's wrath. Often have I seen poor Billy Bangle walking disconsolately about with a yard of sticking-plaster around his head, the after effect of a little bit of jollity at old Barker's expense. Billy, oftener than not, fell into the trap contrived by us for Barker, not one of us daring to pick up Billy, whose terrified yells resounded through the lane like the cries of a caged animal. One evening a party of young conspirators were assembled to discuss the ways and means of playing such a trick upon Barker as should eclipse any of our former exploits, and raise us from our present obscure position to the pinnacle of village popularity.

Billy Bangle, who rolled the whites of his goggle eyes in an alarming manner as he delivered the particulars of his scheme of vengeance in his well-known nasal twange, and to incite the commiseration of his companions, dolefully displayed several ugly scars as evidence of the punishment which had been visited upon him by the irate old man. We grinned happily as we dwelt upon the cloud which we were determined should hang over the cottage where Baker lived; nor could Billy forget that in each and every escapade through which we had so far safely passed, he was the selected victim immolated upon the altar of Barker's sacrifice, as portions of Billy's skin, and sundry bits of clothing, had often flown upon the application of the ogre's stont stick. Billy, by right of his superior judgment, was allowed the privilege of choosing his "plot," and that he must have passed many sleepless nights in its concoction was plainly evidenced by the eloquent gusto with which he breathed his vows of vengeance into our willing ears. Obtaining a large "squiter," commonly used for washing windows, and, by means known only to himself, procuring a quantity of warm blood from the slaughter-house, we awaited the shades of night to carry out our scheme effectually. Barker's cottage stood in a lonely part of B— Lane, with a large "loomhouse" attached, where he used to sit weaving day by day, his cracked voice resounding through the roomy old place like the shriek of some departing banshee! Well, we knew that Barker would not allow the coming darkness to interfere with his weaving, as he often worked long into the night by the aid of a couple of penny candles stuck in two dirty bottles. Dropping into marching order we went to our intended victim's residence, and never halted until we stood beneath the loomhouse window. Peeping cautiously through a small hole in the brickwork, we could just perceive the old man working busily at his piece, his hands and arms moving to and fro like a fish in water. The horse pistol which was to play such an important part in our little game, was then loaded, and given to your humble servant, whose instructions were to fire in the air at a given signal from Billy. With bated breath I awaited the command to "Fire." Dipping the squiter in the fast congealing blood, Billy filled it as full as he could with the turgid liquid, and placing it against a small broken pane, whispered, "Now then." Bang went the pistol, Billy meanwhile discharging the contents of the squiter full in the countenance of old Barker, who, utterly unconscious that enemies were lurking near, was blithely singing the refrain of an ancient comic song. Such an unearthly yell then rose, whilst an agonising voice shrieked forth—"Oh! Betty, hie thee; bi sharp, aw'm deefin! Shot through th' heart by someb'dy. Lord ha' mercy on my poor sinful sowl." And as he felt his face dripping with blood, although he, as yet, experienced no pain, he doubted not that he would ere long be lying upon the ground the victim of a cold-blooded murder. His wife rushed screaming into the place where her husband lay groaning, and writhing in fancied agony. No sooner did Betty see the blood than she lost command of her usually calm nerves, and, rushing out, filled the lane with her frantic cries of "Murder, murder, police!" Immediately the whole village was in an uproar. The police, ever ready to quell unseemly excitement, endeavoured to still the clamour by administering several too

well directed blows upon the tender skulls of those who stood in their way, and appeared surprised when the persons hit objected in language far more forcible than polite, against such summary treatment. Soon the blood-stained figure of old Barker appeared in view, swearing fearfully against those who, he said, had nearly made him go to bed a corpse. He said he knew who had played the disgraceful trick upon him, and he would have ample satisfaction. This, of course, is putting it mildly, as the actual words used by Barker were not exactly in accordance with the strict rules of grammar, and his utterances were choked by his great excitement. To justify his belief in the knowledge of the person who had shot him, he proceeded to the house where Billy Bangle lived, and, knocking rather loudly at the door, demanded to know if he could see Billy's "fayther," as he had something to tell him about that d—d son of his'n. Mr. Bangle appeared, and, after listening to the chapter of woes recorded by Barker, asked him to come inside whilst he had a few words with him. The two worthies went into the parlour together, where the following colloquy ensued.

Mr. B.: "Neaw then, Barker, if theau dusn't want th' bark ta'en off thi knees theau'd better look eaut, for aw'm gradely vexed. Theau's bin welly every day this week laying charges agen my lad, un neaw theau eaps o bi comin un layin a charge ov attempted murder agen him. Aw con prove thi a loier, Barker; come here (grasping the bewildered Barker by the one remaining button of his greasy old coat) and look at what aw'm able for t' show thi." They entered the kitchen, and there in an old arm chair lay Billy Bangle, apparently fast asleep, snoring in such an audible manner as plainly proved that his slumber was sound. Said old Bangle: "Well, Barker, what dost' think neaw?" Replied Barker: "Just let me see if he's not foxin, for aw could aware ut if wur him ut stood eautside mi door when th' pistol went off." Suiting the action to the word Barker applied a pin to a tender part of Billy's body, and, although he moved uneasily in his seat, he emitted no sound which could be construed into anything of the "foxing" nature. Continued the aggrieved old Bangle: "For th' sake ov eaur lung acquaintance aw forgive thi this toime, Barker; but if theau ever comes here agen wi' ony o' thi loies, aw'll pounce thi reet eaut th' dur!" Considerably crestfallen Barker departed, and Billy slept (?) in peace. No sooner did Billy squirt the blood into the big fat face of Barker—knowing as he did that the old fellow would fly to Billy's house first—than he ran home with the swiftness of a hunted deer, and, ensconcing himself in the chair already mentioned, pretended—and successfully, as we have seen—to be fast asleep. Barker, who was silenced, but not convinced, swore to revenge himself, and that he did so all the village only too well knows. His revenge became a byword in the little country place, and his very name became a word of "bogey" import, by which mothers frightened their fractions children to quietness. How he retaliated upon the boys of Billy Bangle's class deserves especial notice, and will form the subject of my next sketch.

MR. JOHN STANIAR.

AT a meeting in Trinity Ward, Salford, on Tuesday night last, Mr John Staniar, whose name is before the ratepayers of that ward as a candidate for its representation in the Salford Town Council, made the following pithy remarks:—"My address is before you for consideration, and upon the principles contained in that address I wish to be judged. If sent to the Council as your representative, it will not be as the nominee of any clique or party, but as the representative of all parties, and as a representative who will not be swayed by party motives, or biased by any political interest. I simply wish it to be understood that I ignore all such considerations, and look upon the interests of the ward I represent as my first and paramount duty, and it is to those interests I wish to bind myself if you do me the honour to elect me. My earnest wishes are for the benefit of my fellow townsmen, the amelioration of the working man, the lessening of the commercial depression, and the prosperity of Trinity Ward; and with that prosperity, the prosperity and good government of the borough of Salford." These remarks should be committed to heart by every elector of not only Trinity Ward, but also of every other ward in the town, for although nominally a Conservative, these sentiments have the true ring in them, and we think that it would be better for both the Manchester and Salford Council Chambers if they contained a few more such men as Mr. John Staniar.

BROOK'S DANDELION COFFEE is the best. Recommended by Dr. Hassall, M.D. From all Manchester Grocers & Chemists. Wholesale: Gorton, Backhouse, & Co., Leeds; Glover, Son, & Co., Bradford; and the Makers, Brook & Co., 76, Hanover-st., Manchester.

JACKDAW

85, MARKET STREET, 85.

KENNETH'S
PRESENTS

FOR
Weddings, Birthdays,
ETC., ETC.



TOWN HALL CARILLONS FOR ENSUING WEEK.

At 3, 6, 9, and 12 o'clock.

Friday,	Oct. 17.—To All You Ladies.
Saturday,	" 18.—God Save the Queen.
Sunday,	" 19.—Easter Hymn.
Monday,	" 20.—March of the Men of Harlech.
Tuesday,	" 21.—Harmonious Blacksmith.
Wednesday,	" 22.—The Harp of Tara's Halls.
Thursday,	" 23.—The Minstrel Boy.

CURRENT AMUSEMENTS.

Theatre Royal.—Mr. J. L. Toole's Benefit. *Dot, Trying a Magistrate, and Domestic Economy.*

" Monday.—*The Lancashire Witches.*

Prince's Theatre.—Mr. Charles Dillon. *Othello.*

" Saturday.—*Belphegor.*

" Monday.—*Our Boys.* Mr. W. Duck's Company.

Queen's Theatre.—*The Girls.* James and Thorne's Company.

" Monday.—Mr. Osmond Tearle.

Free Trade Hall.—Monday, Herr Dobler.

Gaiety.—Variety Entertainment. The Performing Bull.

People's Concert Hall.—Variety Entertainment.

Cooke's Circus.—Shed le Clair, and the Zulu War.

Royal Institution.—Exhibition of Paintings.

Whaite's, Bridge Street.—Water Colour Exhibition.

Belle Vue.—Zoological Gardens. The Afghan War.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

MR. CARROLL writes to us from the Debtors' Ward at Belle Vue Prison, complaining that we criticised his case last week, and were wrong in every particular. We stated his name to be Patteson, a pawnbroker, of Gorton. However, his name is Carroll, and he is only a pawnbroker's clerk. He says his wife deserted him, and that our wit was dull, and our inferences a tissue of falsehoods. Mr. Carroll has evidently badly read the paragraph sent to him by some one, as the allusions are to the lawyer rather than the debtor, and if it be true, as alleged, that his wife had deserted him, as we imagine he wishes us to understand without a proper cause, how came he to allow an order for 20s. per week alimony to be ordered against him? Mr. Carroll quotes the *Idler* essayist upon the low character of newspaper men, and that one fact is a key to Mr. Carroll's management of his affairs, he is a hundred years behind his time. Perhaps the prison authorities have a keen sense of the ridiculous, and put the *Idler* in the hands of the debtors to study, to remind them of the hours they have lost.

MR. HUGH MASON has been speaking at Ashton at a meeting of his work-people, and he does not think it wise to increase the present hours of labour, nor strike for more pay. He is certainly a bold man; is worthy of success for his uniform hopefulness. Many croaking prophets are now to be found who are for reducing everything but the hours of labour, which they say should be increased.

A VERY eloquent defence of Mr. Parnell appeared in the *Universe* last Saturday. It is a speech made by a priest from the steps of the altar on the Sunday previous in his chapel in Navan. Sedition and violence are scouted; but that the farm rents are normally too high, and that at the present time, when there is a complete failure of crops, the rents are so high as to mean beggary for every farmer who attempts to pay them. Mr. Parnell is eulogised, and declared to be both wise, humane, and just.

We have received a sample of Macniven & Cameron's new Waverley Quill Yielding Penholder, with a pen of which we cannot speak too highly as a rapid writer. It is simply beautiful to use when in a hurry.

NEWS to hand from Zululand this week rather shakes our faith in the propriety of calling the Zulus *savages* any more. Upon the removal of the Serlin Mission from near Folo's Kraal to Middlesburg, the missionary, Mr. Marensky was welcomed to his new home by lines of *savages* singing the National Anthem in good English.

ON his return from Ireland, the Chancellor of the Exchequer was detained for two hours by a thick fog. We should not have thought that he could possibly be detained by anything of such a common kind—when was he ever known to be any other way situated than in a fog? Is it an omen of the coming of his next Budget, or will he then be *mis't* from his usual place?

MADAME NILSSON declines an engagement at Paris, because the price she has fixed upon her vocal abilities is £80 per night, and the manager cannot think of offering more than £60. And yet there are people who imagine that money is scarce.

AND Prince Bismarck is the happy possessor of four hundred and seventy crosses and decorations of all sorts, but there is not a single English decoration amongst them. And a German Chancellor, too! What can our Government mean by such a slight to Germany? Beaconsfield, beware!

AS if one piano was not punishment enough, the arrangement of a fantasia for eight pianos and sixteen performers—viz., 160 fingers—was perpetrated at Kirkham's on Saturday last at two o'clock, in broad daylight! Where were the police?—*The World.*

ON Sunday, the "People of Israel" had a meeting in the Eccles Co-operative Hall, when a Gospel address was delivered by Charles Goodier, of Patricroft. His address consisted of various proofs that the children of Israel had been lost for upward of two thousand five hundred years, but had now been found in the persons of the Saxons, the Saxons being the people of England and its dependencies, consequently, argued the speaker, the English were the long-lost tribes of Israel! Comment is needless.

THE people of Ashton are saying that Alderman Boulton and Mr. Hugh Mason are friends again; that the Lodge will immediately be built up again; that a niece of Hugh Mason has married a son of Alderman Boulton's; that Nathaniel Buckley approves of the match; that the Liberals are going to make Mr. James Boulton a J.P.; and that all is well that ends well.

A LADY correspondent of the *Daily News* begins her letter—"Sir, I am a plain woman!" In the whole annals of lady literature was ever such an admission made before? We should like to know the authoress.

SIR STAFFORD in Dublin has proved a success.

"What wonder?" the public immediately axes;

Sir Stafford in Dublin could hardly do less,

He's had so much practice in Dublin—our taxes.—*Referee.*

IT being agreed among a party of twelve that a disputed question should be settled by the opinion of the majority, the six ladies expressed themselves opposed to the six gentlemen, and claimed the victory. A gentleman objected to this, as the number of votes was equal, saying, "They are half and half."—"True," replied a witty fair one; "but we are the better halves."

To feel and understand a picture or a statue, one should be *tête-à-tête* with it. Silence and isolation are necessary.—*Story.*

W. WHITTER,

PRACTICAL CARRIAGE DESIGNER AND BUILDER, SHAKSPERE CARRIAGE WORKS, SHAKSPERE STREET, ARDWICK, MANCHESTER.

THE GOVERNMENT FINANCES.

THE *Courier* of Tuesday treated its readers to an article upon the Liberal meeting at Chadderton last week end, and the speech of Mr. Hibbert thereat. The honourable gentleman had traced the progress of national expenditure, and finally remarked that the National Debt had been hugely swelled by "Tory Governments of former times," which were Governments of the war party in this country. The *Courier* writer says he does not care to go back to an indefinite period of "former times," so he will take the last fifty years. He could not have chosen a period of English history less known to newspaper readers than that of the last fifty years. It is a remarkable fact that even the manuals of the present Board Schools are nearly as silent about the same period of history as the general public are conspicuously ignorant of it. Then, again, by dexterously referring to the National Debt, and to the question of which is the war party in this country, in the same part of the leader, the writer imitates the sleight of hand tricks of the juggler—for whilst the huge debt is the chief item in Mr. Hibbert's speech, the *Courier* drops the debt question to inquire into the question which has been the war party of the last fifty years—a matter to which Mr. Hibbert never hinted. If we follow the lead of the *Courier*, and in a question whose history ranges over two hundred years, and properly described by Mr. Hibbert as "former times," we limit ourselves to the last fifty years—a period in which comparison is nearly impossible as between the two political parties—because the Tories have been nearly forty years of that time out of office—we are still able to show a front and a defence as immeasurably superior to that of the Tory party as at any period during the whole history of the National Debt. It is unnecessary to say that we are in nowise responsible for the way in which the Tory party mismanage national affairs when in power, nor concerned to defend all the doings of the Liberal party, and still less the doings of various Whig ministries which have ruled during the last fifty years, and the surprise to us is that the *Courier* should take up the Tory cudgels in an impossible attempt to shift the responsibility for wars and lavish expenditure, which every professor of history in England is bound to charge to the Tory account. Rather should we think it the policy of the *Courier* to keep discreetly silent upon matters as irrefragable as the chain of events. But not merely to attempt the impossible, but also to do it with casuistry, and eminent unfairness, is a course of conduct most reprehensible in a paper professedly the champion of the Church party. In his speech at the Dublin banquet, Sir Stafford Northcote speaking after half-past ten at night, said the Government "were following a policy, which was not a confused policy," by which the income was a little above the expenditure, and the National Debt was being paid off at a slower rate than their critics desired, but still it was being reduced. The *Economist* says: "Now, in the first place, the assertion that we are still paying off debt is not in accordance with fact. If we turn to the Statistical abstract, we see that the total of the National Debt amounted in March, 1877, to £775,873,713. In March, 1878, it had increased to £777,781,596, a growth of nearly £2,000,000, and in March last it had risen to £778,078,840. Instead of a reduction, therefore, there has been a large increase. It may, however, be said that what Sir Stafford Northcote meant to assert was merely that since the present Government came into power the debt has been reduced. Let us see, then, what has been done in this direction, and how it compares with previous efforts. Here is a statement of our debt at the end of March in the three years 1869, 1874, and 1879, which shows the respective reductions effected in five years by Liberal and Conservative Administrations:—

	1869.	1874.	1879.
	£	£	£
Unredeemed Funded Debt.	741,112,640 ..	723,514,005 ..	709,430,593
Estimated Capital of Terminable Annuities.....	55,471,424 ..	51,289,640 ..	42,778,147
Unfunded Debt.....	8,896,100...	4,479,600 ..	25,870,100
	805,480,164 ..	779,283,245 ..	778,078,840

Between 1869 and 1874 the debt was reduced by £26,197,000, whereas in the five years ended March last the reduction was only £1,295,000. As to the slowness with which debt is now being paid off there can thus be no question; but that the immensely lower rate of speed is dictated by a deliberate policy is a revelation. What, in that case, is to be said of Sir Stafford Northcote's new sinking fund? Was it not to enable him to pay off debt more rapidly and more regularly than before that he raised the

annual debt charge from about twenty-seven to twenty-eight millions? And now that the policy of a slow reduction of debt is acknowledged, on what grounds can the sinking fund be longer maintained? If Sir Stafford Northcote, from set purpose, does not wish to reduce the debt at present, it would be better not to make a pretence of doing so."

THE SALFORD GUARDIANS AND RELIEVING-OFFICER RODGERS.

A VERY curious-looking paragraph appeared in the papers last week, declaring that a majority of the Salford Board of Guardians had agreed to petition the Local Government Board to call upon Relieving-Officer Rodgers to resign because of his alleged contemptuous conduct towards them. With the knowledge the public now have of official life, this simple paragraph is known to every reader as containing an epitome of some peculiar circumstances not apparent at first sight, because officialism has now degenerated so completely into incivility towards the public and toadying towards superiors. There is, then, no ground of surprise when we learn that this "contemptuous conduct" of the relieving officer consists in writing a letter to the newspapers explaining the fact that two of the Guardians have secured the appointment of two of their sons, or near relatives, for situations of trust and responsibility in the Union offices. But, more than that, these young men are declared to be round men in square holes. Now, our readers will not need to be told how difficult it is for us to find out what to do with our sons. We cannot send them into the church very well, there are so many squires' sons waiting for those appointments; the army is now dangerous to life—we have so many wars; trade has left England, and gone abroad; the best thing a man can do is to send his sons to the workhouse, and these Guardians have done so. But, then, they should have been well instructed to keep the peace, when they got there, towards all and every one of Her Majesty's liege subjects. However, they have not done so. They have quarrelled with Mr. Rodgers, the relieving officer, and he has published the fact of their appointment to the world. Such is the "contemptuous conduct" towards the Guardians which is complained of. It is to be hoped the Local Government Board will ask how the voting stood, and what is the nature of the contempt in question. The voting was six for Rodgers and eight against, being forty-two per cent of the whole votes in his favour. The fact that these eight Guardians have not attained to the wisdom of "the children of light" is amply attested by them going forward with a request, dangerous at any time—such as the forced removal of an officer—and especially dangerous on such flimsy grounds as those of declaring two young men to have obtained their appointments by a species of nepotism. It must be remembered that relieving officers are purposely and wisely protected by law against their nominal masters. Thus, if by any kind of jobbery or collusion a person obtained an order for a certain amount of relief to be given to a pauper the relieving officer knew to be totally unworthy, he could stop that relief, and conversely, could administer, and is even bound under heavy penalties to administer, relief in cases of absolute destitution, in any case where the Guardians have from any cause refused such relief. Thus they are at once both local and imperial officials, and are credited by the law with a knowledge of cases not even likely to be had by the whole body of the Guardians, and also that obstinate paupers may not be starved to death—for though a man commits a misdemeanour who perversely starves himself, still the Guardians have no power to compel him to go inside the workhouse, nor, as we have shown above, is the relieving officer allowed to suffer such destitute and refractory pauper to starve to death, and thereby rob the crown of a possibly valuable life. These are facts which at once explain the peculiar position and duties of a relieving officer. It is not difficult, then, to understand that these officers are frequently thrown into opposition by the state of the law, the independence of the poor, or the unreasoning obstinacy of the Guardians themselves. Probably, the original idea ruling the mind of Parliament at the time the "New Poor Law," as the *Oliver Twist* Act used to be called, was passed, was that these gentlemen would prevent officialism degenerating into tyranny and legal starvation, but it must be allowed that the contrary has come to be the rule—officialism has to fight the battle of the pauper against the frigid and stony-hearted "board," who is practically a guardian of nothing but the public purse, and of that usually acts the "penny wise" rôle. This sketch of the usual relations of relieving officer to the board will explain the normal tension of matters, and when to this tension is added something singular and provoking, the

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is the best. Recommended by Dr. Hassall, M.D.; also Mrs. Lewis. Analysed by Otto Hehner, F.C.S., and sold in Tins at 6d., 1s., and 1s. 9d. by all respectable Grocers. Makers—BROOK & CO., 76, Hanover-st., Manchester.

climax is reached by an application to the Local Government Board. What that body will decide will doubtless be based upon the circumstances of the quarrel, and with these we have, at present, no concern. We must, however, call attention to the fact that relieving officers, being in the full possession of all the rights and privileges of an ordinary citizen, we should have no room for complaint, or wonder, if the Local Government Board profess not to understand what is the ground of the complaint of the majority of the Guardians. Besides, what is that majority? Just two votes. This fact is very strong against the eight complaining Guardians; if a commissioner be sent from London to inquire why those two relatives of the Guardians have been appointed to lucrative situations in the service of the Guardians—though strictly legal, we believe—still, decidedly against the spirit of the Corporations Act, which we may take as tacitly governing the conduct of public bodies in our midst—the tables will have been rather badly turned upon the memorialists. Whether this be the case or not we shall await the decision of the Local Government Board with considerable interest. The inquiry at the Guildhall on Tuesday will show that in all these offices the fullest protection should be given to the man honest enough and bold enough to expose any description of wrong. There we have a case of a gentleman receiving discounts varying from 7 to 15 per cent from the tradesmen who dealt with the Corporation.

PEN-Y-GWRYD.

[BY THE AUTHOR OF "RECOLLECTIONS OF A PEDESTRIAN TOURIST."]

AT that point where the three great mountain passes of Llanberis, Nant Gwynant, and Nant-y-Gwryd converge, stands the little hotel, whose romantic name heads this article. Beautiful is its situation, enclosed, as it is, by the grandest of the Welsh mountains; the Glyders, Moel Siabod, and royal Snowdon. Seen from any of the neighbouring eminences, the little hostelry seems dwindled to the proportions of a hut. Nor is the appearance entirely owing to the vastness and grandeur of the surrounding scenery; for though larger and more commodious in reality than in appearance, the Tourists' Hotel *par excellence* is small when compared with its nearest neighbour, the "Royal," of Capel Curig, or the "Victoria" of Llanberis; both of which are between four and five miles away, in opposite directions. But ho! ho! the wondrous store of comfort, of enjoyment, of restful ease, of glorious good living, and cordial good fellowship, contained within the modest structure of the Pen-y-Gwryd Hotel! The art of keeping a hotel is there reduced to an art so exquisite, that the art is in nowise apparent; all that the luxuriating angler or pedestrian knows being, that, altho' far away from the abodes of men, he, in the most literal sense, enjoys at Pen-y-Gwryd "all the comforts of a home;" and of such a home! a home, from whose immediate neighbourhood, you can look down the vast and verdant Nant Gwynant, whose lustrous lakes, framed with purest green, give to the majestic vale its name. Or passing a little further on, towards the huge mass of Snowdon, one of whose triple peaks, the perilous Crib Goch, is now full in sight, and apparently close at hand, on a sudden, Llanberis the unspeakable uncoils before you its tremendous gorge. Come a little to the left with me, and let us retire into the very shadow of Crib Goch, and thence gaze on the marvellous scene before us. A ten minutes' walk, and I will show you a sight worth living to look upon. This very summer I descended, from the crest of Snowdon, to the spot of which I speak, and never shall I forget—so! here we are! the sun is well down towards the west. There, before you, stretching towards the ocean, is the mighty Pass! Look, how its length of wildness inexpressible is all filled and glorified by the soft clear light of the evening, as Phœbus Apollo, the wearied, though the Divine,

"With farewell sweet extends his evening beam."

Look your fill on the blending of the peaceful and the terrible, and mark how the sublime springs from their mystic union. The sheer precipices, the fantastic sky line, the utter barrenness of the rugged wilderness, the chaos of broken, splintered, shattered crags, and boulders, lining both sides of the Pass, the proximate comparative gloom, the distant softened splendour of the dying day, and the deep soul-subduing silence!

Turn now, come a little further this way, and look right into the vast, ice-scooped hollow, around which stand the three peaks of Snowdon, Crib Goch, Lliwedd and Y-Wyddfa. The spot we stand upon is on the higher path to the summit of the Eagle's Hill (Craig Eryri), as the monarch is sometimes called. Yonder, below us, passing beside the two small lakes, the lower road winds towards the innermost gloom of the huge basin. We

cannot see the Peak from this spot; and, indeed, by now, he has shrouded himself in his misty veil, by which, perhaps too often, he excludes the vulgar gaze.

We must return to Pen-y-Gwryd. Not for all the sentiment in life, would we miss the table d'hôte there! Elsewhere we are glad to miss it, but not beneath the roof of the stalwart Hugh Owen, the peerless.

We are sure to meet a pleasant company. In days gone by, Kingsley, Hughes, and others of that ilk, were frequently among the guests; and, to-day, there will assuredly be anglers, pedestrians, Swiss mountain climbers, and very probably a sprinkling of ladies, who would go as far, and do as much, as you or I, good reader, and be as fresh and cheery at the day's end.

We are soon equipped; for style and ceremony are unknown at Pen-y-Gwryd. Flunkeyism cannot breathe the air of its glorious mountains. Flunkeyism shivers in its carriage, and drives on to Bettws, where it reigns supreme. Here all is simple good feeling and good bearing; all converse freely and cordially, as one appetising course succeeds another; all are pleased with their surroundings, and, presumably, with themselves. As for the dinner itself, our mouth waters at the recollection of its delicacy and abundance. Soup, the fish of lake and river, joint of home-fed and home-killed, and, to end all, a titillating course of sweets, the whole washed down with what the guest prefers, whether it be the water of the mountain stream close by, or the blood of the grape, that ripened in far off lands, where the air and the fare of Pen-y-Gwryd are unknown.

Dinner over, we will adjourn to the ample many-seated kitchen. The hale and massive landlord is sitting near the fire, for the night air at Pen-y-Gwryd is of that order which rather makes the skin to tingle, than the muscles to relax. Others of the company settle themselves on the comfortable and old-fashioned chairs and benches; and, from one quarter and another, conversation again springs forth. One can tell us of the Engadine, another of the Oberland, a third has ascended every peak of the Snowdon group, and left a little cairn on the needle-summit of Crib Goch, our friend across the table has been rambling about the Glyders all day, whipping the streams and tarns, but without a single rise. Never mind! better luck to-morrow! For each and all the jolly giant, beside whom we are seated, has a word, and all are glad to talk with him. Meantime his worthy helpmeet (surely that was a wisely contrived union! such another landlady for such another landlord, it would be no easy matter to find) is frizzling the rich brown ham, or poaching the eggs of contrasted snow and gold, for some belated wanderer—who has arrived too late for dinner. We watch the appetising process, till we can scarce believe we have dined, and the wayfarer's meal would be in mortal peril of felonious appropriation, but for our superhuman power of self control. Good Mrs. Owen! a pleasanter sight than her honest, hearty face, we would not wish to look upon at the end of a day's hard walking! More like a general mother than a landlady, she will darn the abraded hose, or patch the mutilated inexpressibles of her guests, carefully hang up wetted garments over her ample chimney-piece, and tend them till dried to a turn, bestowing all her kindly services, too, with the air rather of receiving a pleasure than of doing a favour.

What a place for an awakening is Pen-y-Gwryd! As your eyes unclose, think where you are! What shall be the pleasurable toil of to-day? A ramble down to Beddgelert, a walk over the hills to Llanrwst and Trefrew, a stroll to Bettws (a lovely spot which has the misfortune to be fashionable), or shall we proceed leisurely to Llanberis, down the pass, ascend Snowdon, and come by the eastern path (the wildest and grandest of all), back to Pen-y-Gwryd. Surely the bill of fare is extensive enough, but if still further variety is wanted we will propose the ascent of the gigantic Carnedd Llewellyn, or of the Glyder Vach, with its marvellous coronal of boulders; or shall we cross the hills to Llyn Idwal, and peep into the fantastic gorge of Twl-dhn? The pedestrian, who makes Pen-y-Gwryd the centre of a radiating tour, will find that the wheel of his proceedings will contain spokes enough. The chances are that before he has inserted them all, the circumference of ten or fourteen days, which he has allowed to himself, will have rolled away.

Certainly, I know no place in which a few days of recreation can be more profitably and enjoyably spent, than at Pen-y-Gwryd. Comfortable, nay luxurious accommodation, charges of exemplary moderation, agreeable company and surroundings of unsurpassed magnificence are its attractions. Few holiday haunts can boast so many.

A GENTLEMAN of the army is always an acquisition among the Goths and Vandals of the country.—Colman.

ARONSBERG'S "PERFECTION" SPECTACLES ONLY TO BE HAD AT 12, VICTORIA STREET, AND 103, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

REVIVAL OF THE SALFORD "FLAT-IRON" MARKET.

A FRESH lease of a very lively life appears to have fallen upon the old "flat-iron" market situated at one end of Trinity Church, Chapel Street, Salford, and so named and known from the antiquity, and triangular position of that peculiar plot of land. In times long gone by, it used to be the yearly rendezvous of all the roughs within its reach during the annual saturnalia known as "Dirt Fair." It also used to be well known for its weekly sales of "pots, pans, and water-cans," every Saturday afternoon and evening. By degrees, however, the business appeared to become bad, and the pot-dealers began to desert the district until nothing seemed to be left but an odd ice-cream stall or so, together with one or two toy and toffy stalls. For many years did the deserted district continue in this condition; but, all at once, business has become brisk again, and auctioneers, brokers, and cheap-jacks—the business "A. B. C." of such selling places—have taken possession of this plot of ground once more. Pot-merchants again particularly preponderate, as in the olden time, but in much greater plentitude than before. This great change has come about by the neighbouring borough of Manchester getting tired of tolerating such tradesmen as these in the newly-covered-in markets at Knott-Mill. Last week witnessed the arrival of another contingent of these traders, for the whole batch from the bird-market of Shudehill received notice a fortnight since, that they must remove to "fresh woods and pastures new," as they would not be allowed to carry on their vocations any longer, or even encumber the very ground that had hitherto been almost hallowed (or otherwise) by their unearthly "hollerings." So, according to the statements of these men, Salford is to receive what Manchester rejects; and evidence of this was seen last Saturday by there being no room for many of these men on the "flat-iron" plot of ground, for some of them had to burst through the boundaries and set up their stands on the adjoining plot.

Of course, it is these wholesale removals from the Manchester markets, that is causing such a wonderful revival of trade in the "flat-iron" market of Salford. The question whether such a change is a judicious one or not must be left for others to decide. So far it seems beneficial enough both to the sellers and the dwellers thereabout. The noise, no doubt, is disagreeable to many, but then Saturday night is known to be a noisy one. It is true that many of these men return again on Mondays and make the market air hideous with their howlings; still Saturday is the day for "doing the big dot" as regards business. The noise, however, is not made for nothing, for trade runs merrily around as the night grows on apace. At one corner of the ground is a very masculine woman crying crockery-ware in very unwomanly language from the top of a donkey-cart, and making even this noisy neighbourhood ring again with her discordant yells. Further on is a broker trying to dispose of a lot of dilapidated furniture at "a tremendous sacrifice"—of truth. Yonder is a cheap-jack offering impossible jewellery at impossible prices; while pill vendors ply you with their poisonous compounds in pitiless profusion. At one stand is a man dressed up in a brocade cocked-hat making some mixed up remarks about the lot of money he makes in business, and the lot of ditto that he loses in betting. He is also reflecting, sorrowfully enough, on the fact that, although he had every winner "sure spotted," he yet never had the good fortune to back one; and then he winds up his remarks by offering to "spot" next week's winner for anyone who will spend sixpence with him. At another place stands a youth who is throwing gold (?) rings away in a most reckless fashion. He also declares that he has a hat full of coppers to give away as soon as he has disposed of "the last few remaining articles" that he's got for sale; but when this is accomplished, he "sells" his audience by saying that, as he had almost given these said articles away, it would be hard to expect him to give the coppers as well. On another part of the ground a fellow with a tall paper cap on his head is heard "cracking the ears of the groundlings" with the hoarse notes of a song in praise of some preserves that he is selling at fourpence per pound, preserving pot and all included. All the other dealers in this cheap ware, deal in a considerable amount of "chaff" amongst themselves, as well. It is, however, of a very good-natured sort, although it is often coarse and obscene, and always mixed up largely with lies and long-drawn oaths. Between eight and ten o'clock at night appears to be about "high change" with these cheap-jacks, for they are all just then in unmistakable "high jinks," as their greatest crowds of customers are, during that time, around them. A complete carnival of copper is taking place, and it changes hands with a rapidity unattainable at other times. Then comes a lull until eleven o'clock, when the alehouses and the "publics" empty their

houses of their drunken occupants. The "lushingtons," however, have very little loose cash upon them, having been, no doubt, pretty well "cleaned out" by the drink they have taken in; and this being so they do not suit the pot-sellers, any more than these pot-sellers—whose utensils are usually empty—suit the "pot-suckers," who naturally "prefer to pull at pots that's full." After the toppers have departed, the traders begin to pack up, bantering one another all the while; and then, with many a bit of bounce and brag about the day's doings, they wend their way to their several homes, delighted or dejected according to the day's "drawings" have been successful or otherwise. There can be no mistake about the fact that many a lesson, from a very full leaf of life, might be usefully learned from a good look round the "Flat-iron" Market of Salford.

AN EDITORIAL FISTICUFF.

THE following amusing account of the fracas between Messrs. Lawson and Labouchere, the respective champions of the *D. T.* and *Truth*, is from the *Referee*, and is too good to be lost.

"Of course you have heard of the great fight in King William Street, the historic and never-to-be-forgotten mill between Teddy Lawson, the Fleet Street Pet, and Labby, the Twickenham Bruiser. It is something so quite too awfully grand for mere prose; and so, in order that every man, woman, boy, girl, and infant of the United Kingdom may have a fitting memento of the great battle, I have put it into verse. Our national literature would be incomplete without a ballad on the subject.

"O don, my muse, the oestas, and quit idyllic charms;
O square your manly shoulders, and bare your brawny arms,
Come take a bout at boxing, and tell the British youth
How Lawson of the *Tele* fought Labouchere of *Truth*."

"'Twas Monday, close on midnight, all in King William Street,
That nymph and rough and coster beheld a gallant feat;
Great Labouchere was hailing a passing hansom cab
When Lawson came behind him and gave his hat a dab."

"He raised his stick, did Lawson, and brought it swiftly down—
It caught poor Labby's topper, and crushed it at the crown;
While Lawson shrieked and shouted, 'You load with cruel taunts
Myself, my pa, and uncle, my cousins and my aunts!'"

"Then out spoke Mr. Labby, the owner of the hat:
'You nasty, spiteful fellow, take that, and that, and that!'
He whirled his arms like windmills, and went for Lawson's nose,
Who, dropping down, avoided our Truthful Tommy's blows."

"They smote each other wildly, and tore each other's hair,
Though ladies of the pavement besought them to forbear,
'An Empire's eyes are on me,' the gallant Lawson felt,
So twice he smote his foeman, but not below the belt."

"Then Labby, puffed and blowing, he aimed for Lawson's mug,
Who answered with a 'roaster,' and then put on the hug.
For full a fierce five minutes they fought their deadly fray,
And then they saw a peeler, and then they went away."

"O long shall live in story that gay and gallant fight,
And long will nymphs and costers remember Monday night,
And may we hold the money and stand as referee
When next our Truthful Tommy meets Teddy of the *T*."

"Teddy tells everybody he had the best of it. There has been no holding him since. The staff of the *Telegraph* go in mortal terror. He squares up playfully to Sala and fetches him rib-roasters, gives Arnold upper-outs, taps Drew Gay playfully in the bread-basket, and treats the unhappy Goodman to left-handers which are not compensated for by any increase of remuneration. I am assured that the gallant Edward is taking lessons of a well-known professor, and, now he has started, intends to keep the game going. J. M. doesn't like it, though. He says it would look bad if the Earl of Beaconsfield or the Prince happened to drop in and find Teddy in his shirt sleeves sparring with the Shoreditch Chicken and knocking him into the waste-paper basket."

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LIVELY SCENE AT ECCLES.

[BY AN ECCLES CAKE.]

ON Friday evening, the usual serenity of the village of Eccles was slightly disturbed by the unusual appearance of a one-legged and one-armed beggar—the lost leg of nature being, of course, supplied by an artificial one. The beggar perambulated the principal street with a lighted candle, and a huge stick of the shillaleh type in the one remaining hand. A number of mischievous boys began to tease the unfortunate old man, which caused a sympathising young girl to beg of them to desist from their heartless conduct, as she believed the beggar was not only a cripple, but deaf and dumb as well. This appeared to hurt the keen susceptibilities of the beggar far more than the boys' previous taunts, for, throwing down his candle, he began to brandish his dangerous-looking stick fiercely over his head, and bringing it occasionally within close proximity to the heads of several of the bystanders. A crowd having by this time gathered around the exasperated beggar, he was subjected to a considerable amount of hustling, and had it not been for the strenuous efforts of a few kind-hearted friends, there can be no question that he would have found a lodging in the Patricroft Police Station for the night.

PORTRAITS—SIR WALTER RALEGH.

WHATEVER may really have been the incident which first drew the Queen's (Elizabeth) eyes upon Raleigh, we are under no more uncertainty as to the personal attractions on which they would complacently rest, than as to the fine parts which would speedily add respect to favour. Besides the testimony of his portraits, we have the description of contemporaries. Naunton's evidence, for example, is, on such a point, free from exception. Sir Walter, he says, "had a good presence, in a handsome and well-compacted person; a strong natural wit, and a better judgment; with a bold and plausible tongue, whereby he could set out his parts to the best advantage." His stature was about six feet; his hair dark and full; his visage, in early years at least, bright and clear. He was already noted for that splendour in dress and equipment of which Elizabeth was herself so fond, and which at a later date, when the means of large expenditure had come, he carried to a pitch almost unexampled, even in her brilliant court.

How he appears in the fine portrait of him by Zuccherò, which now belongs to the Marquis of Bath, many readers will have had the opportunity of seeing in the recent exhibition. In another full-length, which long remained in the possession of his descendants, he is appraised in a white satin pinked vest, close-sleeved to the wrist, with a brown doublet finely flowered and embroidered with pearls, and a sword-belt, also brown and similarly decorated. Over the right hip is seen the jewelled pommel of his dagger. He wears his hat, in which is a black feather, with a ruby and pearl drop. His trunk-hose and fringed garters appear to be of white satin. His buff-coloured shoes are tied with white ribbons. In a third portrait, long known to the frequenters of the gallery at Knowle, and lately, like Zuccherò's, to the multitudinous visitors of that deeply-instructive collection of national portraits which was due to the public spirit of Lord Derby, he wears a suit of silver armour, and is richly adorned with diamonds, rubies, and pearls. Several of his portraits were early, and have been repeatedly engraved. Drexelius, the Flemish Jesuit, was so impressed by those he saw, and by the current accounts of Raleigh's magnificence of attire, that in his curious treatise, "Trismegistus Christianus; seu triplex cultus, conscientie, coelitus, corporis," he chooses him—"the darling of the English Cleopatra" as a modern pendant to certain Roman emperors famous in that way. Raleigh's very shoes, he says, were so bedecked with jewels, "that they were computed to be worth more than six thousand six hundred gold pieces." This was the full flower of the gorgeous tastes which already in 1582, had burgeoned with luxuriance enough to fix upon him many eyes little gifted with the power of discerning what sort of inner man it was that lay beneath the gilding.

Raleigh's imprisonment in the Tower of London—with a brief interval spent within the Fleet Prison, shortly after an outbreak of plague in the tower—lasted from the 16th December, 1603, the day of his return from Winchester, until the 20th of March, 1616. During part of that period, his wife and son lived with him, and he had the constant attendance of three of his own men. Other servants and agents (the steward of Sherborne among the rest) were permitted to have access "at convenient times;" as also were several of his friends. The friends whose company he enjoyed most frequently appear to have been Thomas Hariot, and a clergyman named Hawthorn, of whom very little is now known.—Ed. Edwards.

ANA.

"Where the Deuce have you found all this Nonsense?" said Cardinal d'Este to Ariosto, on presenting his *Orlando Furioso*.

"Be prepared to hear:
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of."—Shakspeare.

A CONTEMPORARY asks the following:—"Mr. Hepworth Dixon. Was this gentleman ever employed in a Manchester Cotton Mill? I have heard that he received his education in the evening classes of the Ancients Lyceum." According to the Lancashire authors, by the present Chief Librarian of the Free Libraries, Charles Wm. Sutton; "Wm. Hepworth Dixon was born in Newton Street, Ancoats, 30 June, 1821;" and worked in M'Connell's mill, and afterwards, as clerk, at Joseph Thompson's, Pin Mill; and by his own indefatigable will, raised himself to the editorship of the *Athenæum*, where he remained 16 years. He is a man Manchester or anywhere else may be proud of. Read his *Royal Windsor*, *Her Majesty's Tower*, and other works; his vindication of Lord Bacon, alone is worthy of a baronetcy and £5,000 at least.

He used in 1843, to frequent The Poets Corner, when kept by William Earnshaw, during the era of John Critchley Prince, John Bolton Rogerson, and Richard Wright Procter, the author of *Manchester Streets* and the forthcoming *Bygones of Manchester*; the last one of a happy, merry, and self taught, talented crew.

The name "Hepworth" was adopted, to distinguish him from another William Dixon at M'Connell's mill. Q.

AUTUMN.

AUTUMNAL tints once more possess the sky,
Reminding us that summer days are past,
The crisp, brown leaves upon our pathways lie,
And lingering summer flowers have their petals cast.

The sun's mild rays disperse the mists of morn,
And, rising to his noonday throne, looks down
On amber harvests that rich dales adorn,
Where sickles gleam like gems in jewell'd crown.

Fair Nature's voice is hush'd, and scarce a sound
Is heard, save reapers' voices singing,
Or mirthful, happy children homeward bound,
Their well-earned loads of harvest gleanings bringing.

And now the mystic gloaming hour draws nigh,
And with it comes a sound of music sweet;
'Tis the song of "harvest home" that fills the sky,
From grateful hearts to Heaven's high mercy-seat.

Season of bounties, rich in thy garner'd store,
Thy presence tells we have a Father's care;
Thy children gently led to winter's door,
Ne'er fear his mien if they Thy riches share.

On Sabbath morn see old and young repair
To village church, their harvest trophies bearing,
The earth's first fruits on God's own altar there,
The gratitude of thankful hearts declaring.

HAWTHORN.

PHOTOGRAPHER (about to remove the screen from the camera): "All ready! That is very good; but couldn't you—ah—put a little intelligence into your eyes?"

NOTICE TO READERS.

Persons who wish to see the *City Jackdaw* regularly are respectfully recommended to order it of their Newsagents, otherwise, they may be, and often are, disappointed in not being able to obtain copies. Or, it will be sent by post from the Publishing Office, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, every week for half-a-year on payment of 3s. 3d. in advance, being posted in time for delivery at any address each Friday morning.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. The Editor does not engage to return MS. unless a stamped envelope be enclosed, nor will he be responsible for their loss, as our waste-paper basket is a large one, and is consigned to the P.D. several times per diem. Neither can we undertake to pay for contributions unless by special arrangement.

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DEAFNESS! DEAFNESS! DEAFNESS!

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."—St. Matthew, c. xi., v. 15.

DENTON'S CELEBRATED REMEDIES FOR DEAFNESS

NOISES IN THE HEAD, GIDDINESS, AND DISCHARGE FROM THE EARS.

Mr. Denton begs to call particular attention to the following Extracts from Letters and Testimonials from some of the persons who have been cured:—

"70, Ashton New Road, November 2nd, 1878.
Dear Sir,—My conscience will not allow me to postpone any longer tendering to you my most sincere thanks for the wonderful cure you have worked upon me. Your invaluable Preparation has done wonders. In order that this well-merited commendation may be seen to be something more than mere flattery, I will just mention one or two instances illustrative of the improvement of the condition in my sense of hearing. Thanks to you, this sense is now delicate. . . . I would remind you that I have suffered from deafness all my life. By occupation I am a pupil teacher. The noise occasioned by ordinary school duties has been so great of late that I sent a boy the other day for a piece of wool to put in my ears, in order to diminish it. Last Sunday I attended church, as usual, and, although the minister was an Irishman, and, of course, a little imperfect in pronunciation, I heard every word in the whole of his discourse. I am not able to express my gratitude to you, but I will say that I hope you will be long spared to go on in your Christian work of healing and relieving, by your intelligence and experience, the sufferings from this distressing affliction of your fellow-men.

great astonishment and delight, at the first visit you gave substantial proof of your ability. Unsolicited, I am happy to acquaint you that I can now hear with acuteness, and as well as ever I could in my life. The successful result of your thoroughly practical ability on myself prompts me to recommend you to all who are suffering from Deafness, and I shall only be too glad to give you the opportunity of referring any of your patients for my personal opinion.—Yours ever thankfully,
JOHN HOPWOOD.

"The Station, Pennistone, near Sheffield, Jan. 26th, 1879.
"Mr. Denton,—Sir,—It is with great pleasure I write to say my hearing has greatly improved by using your remedies for Deafness.
I remain,
S. A. VERNON."

One old gentleman in particular, who was 84 years of age, and had been deaf 43 years, was perfectly cured in seven weeks, and he was so overcome with joy and gratitude that he begged of Mr. Denton to be allowed to put the cure in the local papers.

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"To Mr. Denton."
"Mr. Denton."
"Dear Sir,—After being seriously afflicted with Deafness for four or five years, I was induced through a friend to apply to you, and after the period of twenty days my hearing was perfectly restored, and I can hear as well as ever I could in my life, for which I am thankful to you, and shall at any time be most happy to recommend any person so afflicted to your care.—Yours respectfully,
JOHN MOSS."
"Seedley Grove, Pendleton, July 9th, 1878.
"My dear Sir,—Having been troubled with Deafness for some years, I mentioned the fact to a friend, and upon his recommendation, I was induced to try your skill, and to my

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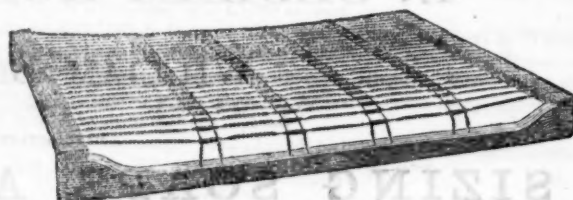
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